The Watchman and Southron.

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LOVE'S EMPTY HOUSE.

O thou long-silent, solitary house,
Where Love once came and went with joyous cries,
Or lingered long, sighing as Summer sighs
When Autumn's breath begins her fear to rouse
With harsh caress that shall make bare her boughs,
Her tender boughs, and all her beauty's prime,
Delivered, faded, to the winds that rise,
And rend her crown from her dishonored brows—
O solitary house, thine open door
Again shall welcome sweet Love's winged tread,
His eyes shall light thee, as they lit of yore,
In days when Love and Joy were newly wed;
He shall return, with myrtle round his head,
And fill thy halls with music as before.

—*Harper's Magazine.*

JACK WATTLES;

OR

Caramels Won't Always Win.

A TALE OF BALTIMORE SIXTY YEARS AGO.

BY TOM PHENIX.

PRELUDE.

Some years ago, while travelling through the lower counties of Maryland, I met a very intelligent old gentleman who had once been a prominent citizen of Baltimore. For several days he entertained me with stories of persons and things in existence years ago. I had studied short-hand when I was young and made use of it on that occasion to preserve, if possible, his recollections. In looking over my papers the other day I came across the story of Jack Wattles, and I offer it to the public for what it is worth. I have preserved as far as possible the language of the narrator. He assured me that the facts stated were true.

TOM PHENIX.

I.

Sixty years ago the houses in Baltimore town proper did not extend northward beyond Lexington street. Belvidere, the residence of Col. Howard, was surrounded with woods, and Mount Vernon Place was a dense forest. Such a thing as a paved street or sidewalk in that vicinity was unknown. A few miserable mud roads and innumerable bridlepaths constituted the only means of passage from house to house. I speak of a time that I remember well and of persons with whom I was familiar and whose faces and virtues and oddities sometimes pass before me in my waking dreams like ghosts of a vanished life. Between Barnum's Hotel and the present northern boundaries of the town there were many pleasant country residences and on Hanover and Sharp streets much of the beauty and fashion was congregated. Aside from the inevitable brass knocker and door-plate the houses of the elite were not remarkable for outward adornment, but they were comfortably furnished within and their ornaments were the beautiful smiling faces which brightened every nook and corner. In social life there was not so much rich dressing as now, but there was an eager hankering after it by the gentler sex, and the young bucks of that day by no means despised the tailor's or hairdresser's arts. Society was not so frothy then as now. It seems to me there was more body to it, but then I am very old and some irreverent people say I am in my dotage. Men had sturdier characters and women more irresistible fascinations. The Browns, Pattersons, Stuarts, Howards, Whytes, Pinkneys, Carrolls, and a number of others whose names escape me, were the leaders and ruled with a temperate but firm sway.

When I saw my friend Jack Wattles for the first time he was about 25 years old. He came from Southern Maryland somewhere, and I judge he was the last of his family, as I have never heard of one of them since. He had some property then, though much of his patrimony had been spent. He was a roystering blade, full of life, fond of sport and somewhat given to the wine cup, but a welcome guest at every aristocratic house in the town. He was quick-witted, genial and happy, and all liked him. He was expensive in his tastes and habits, and as careless of money as though he owned Portland Manor. If a young lady expressed a wish it was gratified regardless of cost. Tradesmen of course marked him for their prey and jewelers postively adored him. The latter always added 50 per cent. to anything that Jack bought. He was a general admirer of the ladies, and was forever in and out of love like jack-in-a-box, though nobody at this time believed that my friend Wattles had ever been seriously affected by the gentle passion. A common questions at balls and parties was, 'Well, who is Jack's flame now?' and it had generally been agreed that Wattles was a butterfly, sipping the surface honey from each lovely flower with no intention of penetrating the hidden virtues of the plant. He had travelled much—that is, he had been to New York and Richmond several times, extensive trips in those days—and being a young man of uncommonly keen perceptive powers, he was enabled to make himself very agreeable in society. How I heard him run on about the Scheedleschanapps, the Willivorsts, the Von Slugenleers and the Spuytenduyvels, of New York; or the Pocahontases, the Cornwashingtons and the Ruseldolphs, of Virginia! His wit was as gentle as an April shower, as refreshing as exhilarating.

But poor Jack came to grief at last. As his funds grew less his fondness for drink increased. How he dropped out of society it would be difficult to tell. As the years glided by Jack very gradually rolled down hill. Once when in a confidential mood he said to me, 'Tom, I went to a gathering at Mr. Carroll's one night and I was not altogether satisfied with my appearance myself. If the truth must be told I both looked and felt a little seedy, and the old gentleman, instead of coming briskly up, as was his wont, and slapping me on the shoulder with a 'How are, Jack?' greeted me with excessive dignity and said, 'Good evening, Mr. Wattles.' It was the cut direct. I put on my wraps with the aid of a servant and I thought the darkey gave me a somewhat supercilious glance as I passed out over the threshold never to enter the house again. Soon it became noised about the town that for some reason the Carroll mansion was closed against me, and the cold shoulders cropped up thick and fast. Tired of an unequal struggle, and not caring very much for a neglect my own common sense had to some extent anticipated, I dropped out of the charmed circle with a resolve never to enter it again, except as 'the glass of fashion and the mold of form.'' Such was Jack's simple description of his social downfall, and as he was as truthful as light it was probably correct.

There were those in that galaxy of elegant people who did not share Jack's nonchalence. There were beautiful girls of great wealth, who would have willingly sacrificed themselves to retain Jack, and who were only deterred by that maiden modesty which seldom fails the sex. About twenty years ago I remember meeting in Baltimore several rather prim and precise old maids, who were forever busy in good works, but whose visages almost gave the rebuff to the kind words, money and articles of comfort they so freely lavished in charity, but never was the holy light of love more thoroughly revealed than at the mention of Jack Wattles' name. The sour faces turned sweet, the melancholy smiles which played about the corners of the mouth told of beauty long faded, and the diamonds which sparkled in the eyes of these good old ladies spoke of a depth of feeling which could hardly have been expected to last so long unrequited, and indeed never recognized by its object. The said Jack's grave was always covered with fresh flowers—but I am anticipating.

Jack first tried the law, and he went up like the sky-rocket and came down like the stick. After two or three brilliant efforts he got on a frolic, and brought his legal career to an abrupt termination. He then became persuaded that journalism was his forte, and was readily engaged on a morning paper recently started in opposition to the leading journal of the town. His pithy and spicy articles, and the support of his former friends, who flocked to him in numbers, gave an ephemeral popularity to the paper, and for a time the very existence of its rival was threatened, but he insisted on going to Timonium to report a great horse race, and journalism lost one of the brightest writers of that day. Jack unfortunately won $200 or $300, and his besetting sin got the better of him. He never returned to the paper, and, like many other ventures of the same sort in Baltimore, it faded out of existence so completely that its bare name has long since escaped my memory.

While on this trip Jack went over with some of the Bosleys and Merrymans to a camp-meeting and was converted. Struck with the sublimity of the religion he had embraced he determined to impart it to others and got a license to preach—a document easily obtained at that early day. He scoured the comparatively unknown region of Western Maryland for some mont0s, and is said to have done good service to the cause which he had espoused. His old enemy overtook him, however, in the midst of his labors, and the next I heard of Wattles was as clerk in a cross road grocery, where his pay probably consisted mainly of the tolls on the whiskey he sold. He finally drifted to Baltimore in a wretched condition, his nerves shattered, his health broken and his whole system unstrung. A few friends—of whom I have always been proud to think I was one—took hold of Jack, tucked him away quietly and kept him secluded for some weeks.

II.

When Wattles emerged from his retirement he was a changed man. He was neatly clad, full of fire, handsome, engaging and determined to turn over a new leaf. We got him a situation at a small grocery store on Market street with a salary of $10 a week, and secured a room for him at a boarding-house a little distance in the country kept by a Mrs. MacPherson. Boarding-house keepers infested Baltimore to as great an extent proportionately then as now, and they were in those early days *sui generis*. They had all seen better days, and could point to an illustrious ancestry, but the MacPhersons were exceptional in this respect They claimed to be an old Scotch family. The latter are generally satisfied with tracing themselves direct to Adam, but the MacPhersons, as well as I remember went further. The theory of evolution had not then been generally ventilated, or I am persuaded they would have discovered some particular anthropoid ape undergoing a transformation to a tailless condition, as their lineal ancestors, but barring this, they occasionally referred to some prehistoric race whose eminent virtues had been concentrated and sublimated in their own persons.

The romantic portion of Jack's life now began. He took possession of his room on a Saturday night. He always said he had a confused recollection of passing through a bevy of girls, some of whom had red hair, some orange tawney, and that in their midst he caught a glimpse of a beautiful face, with a splendid head of hair of those ever-changing hues from chestnut to burnished gold, which the old painters ascribed to Fornarina, Beatrice Cenci and Mary Queen of Scotts. He went to bed thinking of it, and it filled his dreams and softened his slumbers. He arose betimes in the morning, and without saluting his new acquaintances, for he was not altogether free from his recent nervousness, he sauntered down to the Indian Queen, where he met some familiar faces, Sothron, from St. Mary's Hanson, from Howard district; Murray, from Annapolis; Mercer, from West river, and several others from the counties, rolicking fellows, who had driven up to town the day before, and were disposed to make the most of their pleasure trip. At breakfast toasts were drunk, as was the custom in those days, but Wattles, to the astonishment of everybody, did not join in the merriment. He was rallied upon his sobriety, and accused of being in love. He disclaimed any such absurdity, and said his heart was as callous as an old sponge, and as full of holes—he had often been in love, but not sufficiently to endanger his digestion, and he had at last determined to shake off his old habits. He would hereafter neither make love nor drink, but attend strictly to business and make a fortune. 'A desperate resolve, Jack,' said Murray. 'You can't keep that up. I'll bet $20 that you will be tight half a dozen times, and in love just as often before the first of January.' Jack booked the bet for answer, and said as seriously as he ever said anything, 'The woman does not breathe who can move me from a resolve.' Some one playfully suggested that they would be the death of him yet, and the conversation drifted to other topics. At the usual time for service, the bell of St. Paul's rang out clearly in the crisp autumn atmosphere, and the young men, more devout than the present generation, hurriedly arranged their toilets and strolled up the hill to church. The service was plain but impressive; the dense stupidity of an old-fashioned sermon, however, gave ample opportunity for cat-naps and sly glances at the congregation. Jack, in one of the latter, caught a glimpse of his fair charmer of the previous night, and there was no more sleep and no more sermon for him. There was but one object of interest in the church for Wattles,

I may as well describe her as she appeared to me on that Sunday with several of her tawney-headed sisters beside her. My inferences may have been different afterward, but I do not know that my expression of her appearance has even materially changed. She was above the medium height, full and rounded, but not inclined to embonpoint, with a long, graceful neck oval face and ruddy cheeks, into which the rich blood would mount in waves, surging over her neck and forehead. Her eyes were of a deep brown, corresponding admirably with the darker tints of her hair; her eyelashes long and her eyebrows thick and heavy. Her lips were full but very red and very beautiful. It would not be fair, perhaps, to compare her to some of the voluptuous beauties of the court of Charles II., but a fleshy Spanish madonna by Murrillo would about hit the mark. Such was Louisa McPherson, and Jennie, the sister next to her, was a bright little red-haired girl, with a pleasant face and a pensive, dependent manner, which made her winsome and attractive. The least said about the balance, the better; they were not fair to look upon, and Murray, who prided himself on his Scotch ancestry, and who had fortified his love for the auld land by a trip through the Highlands, said it was a base slander to tax bonnie Scotland with such productions. As the benediction was pronounced Wattles whispered to young Mercer, a friend of his from Anne Arundel, and the two quickly made their way through the now retiring congregation to the dirt sidewalk in front of the church. There they met the McPherson party and Mercer was introduced. I think I noticed a shadow pass over his face as he underwent the ceremony, as much as to say, 'What the devil does Jack mean by bringing me in contact with such people?'

The fact is, as they sat in their high pew in the church little more was visible than their heads and necks, and a few ribbons tastefully arranged about the latter concealed the plain, even shabby dresses that showed, while the front of the pew hid all that below it, but now as they stood out in the bright sunlight the contrast between their attire and the splendor of many of the members of the congregation was absoutely startling, and must have struck any person not blinded by love.

Mercer, however, was equal to the situation. He was a well-bred gentleman and made the most of his dilemma by asking permission to walk home with Miss Jennie, Jack being already far in advance with Miss Louisa or Fornarina, as he always spoke of her subsequently. Mercer was not devoid of humor. He had a way at times of twisting his mouth and looking very demure, which was irresistibly funny to those who knew him, and as he passed many of his magnificently arrayed acquaintances his mouth worked convulsively, and Miss Caton was heard to ask him a few days later what he meant by making faces at her when he was walking home with that chambermaid on Sunday. 'She is not a chambermaid, but a young lady in very reduced circumstances; poverty could never bring her to insult one beneath her, just as wealth would not lead her to suppose she was clothed with peculiar privileges. The clan MacPherson has never yielded in courtesy to friend or enemy, and there are those I wot of who can scarcely do better than profit by their example.' This was a long speech for Sprigg, as he was familiarly called, and produced its legitimate effect. Miss Caton didn't speak to him during the balance of the season and could scarcely be induced to make a visit to Woodlawn in the summer until Sprigg made known the pathetic story of his friend, which, as usual, I am anticipating. The clan as we boys used to call them, crossed St. Paul's lane and took a side path down the hill to a house surrounded by forest trees When they were all gathered in the comfortably but plainly furnished parlar Sprigg had an opportunity to study the countenances of the other members of the family, and his inspection did not contribute to his equanimity. He said afterward there was the most unequal distribution of personal gifts in that family that he had ever seen. It appeared to worry him long after the events I am giving you had transpired.

Dinner was announced and Jack, always a good talker, gave a loose rein to his fancy. His face was flushed, and so was that of another at the table. He said but little to Fornarina, addressing his remarks generally to those seated at the board, but it was observed that he cast sly glances from time to time in her direction, and somehow or other their eyes always met, and there was a sparkle in those of each as they were hastily withdrawn. The leaven was already at work. Jack, reckless in everything, didn't care to notice it, or if he did showed no disposition to control it. A walk after dinner in the woods around Belvidere ended a day which he always claimed to have been the most supremely happy of his chequered career.

Bright and early on Monday morning he was at work at his new place. He was the life of the store, and many persons made purchases simply because Jack Wattles was there. He never saw Fornarina until he returned home after the labors of the day were over. The two young ladies after supper usually repaired to the parlor with a female boarder from the Eastern Shore. There was an old piano, jangled and out of tune, in one corner of the room, and the sisters were not accomplished performers. They sang a little, Miss Jennie taking the soprano, while Fornarina had the making of an excellent contralto. Jack possessed the cracked remains of a bastard tenor, and the trios they sang, the Scotch and Irish airs they murdered, absolutely butchered, would have stirred up the patriotism of a Highlander or Fenian to the assassination point. I used to go there night after night out of pure love for Jack, but it was a terrible test of affection. How an educated musician like Wattles could be so befogged by a pretty face as to mistake that caterwauling for music I never could understand, but there he would pose, his eyes fixed on Fornarina in an ecstacy of delight and his own wheezy, asthmatic tenor making desperate dashes at the notes for all the world like the sudden plunges of a Newfoundland dog after a stick in the water; while the rest of the company, with their fingers in their ears or by talking at the pitch of their voices, would attempt to drown the frightful discord. Fortunately the concerts didn't last very long, or they would have been beyond human endurance. The repertoir of the young ladies was exceedingly limited and soon exhausted, and then the house appeared to settle down to business. Jack amused the whole company with mildly-satirical anecdotes of the foibles and weaknesses of various members of the society of which he had so recently been a shining light, and of course every one present knew dear Mary so and so, or Nannie this and that, or Flora such an one.

I never in my life heard the name of a prominent member of society mentioned in a boarding-house that every one present didn't know him or her with all their antecedents, collateral relations and personal engagements for half a year in advance. Jack would very often weary of this, and a quick glance from one to the other, not a signal, for I am sure they had arranged no system of communication, but a sort of intuitive, magnetic impulse, would seize both simultaneously, and while one went quickly out at the rear door the other would leisurely saunter out at the side, and a few moments later Fornarina and Jack would be found on the porch pensively gazing up at the stars or talking in low, soft tones such stuff as only themselves and the Infinite could understand.

I have often thought there must be some similarity between the language of love and the conversation of some dogs. I have seen two pointers in a yard get up from their reclining postures, walk toward each other, touch noses and while one would bound over the stile the other would trot leisurely out through the front gate; in a few moments they could be seen coursing through the stubble in front of the house as though their very existence hung upon thier locating every hapless quail in the field.

These interviews were of short duration, but oh! how delightful they were to Jack, as I afterward discovered. He received a note from an old flame of his one evening who had suddenly driven up from the country and was staying at the house of one of her grand relations. She commanded Jack to come to her as she would return on the morrow. How Jack writhed! He actually swore, something of which, with all his faults, he was seldom guilty. He put it on the ground that he had been kicked out of the circle in which she visited and that he was in no condition to face his former acquaintances. In his humble position as grocer's clerk he did not wish to be made a spectacle of, to be pitied and gazed at for one evening and to be lifted by the collar at its close and dropped back into his present obscure berth. He declared he considered it an insult and a piece of unpardonable thoughtlessness on the part of the young lady, but some of us knew all the while that if there were no Fornarina Jack would gladly go and would enjoy himself hugely, too. He had always a soft spot somewhere in his diaphragm for this same lovely girl, and she was in every way worthy of an honest man's love. She deserved a better fate. She followed Jack to the further shore very soon after our solemn leave taking. But here I digress.

As time wore on the intimacy between Jack and Fornarina increased, and he no longer indignantly repelled the assumption that he could fall in love. The meetings on the steps led to long moonlight rambles out by Belvidere and through Howard's woods. It was after one of these that Jack came to my house and made me his confidant.

[*To be Continued.*]

'My wife,' remarked Fitznoodle,' is fairly crazy of the fashions. She has got the delirium trimmins.'

BILL ARP.

On the Children and Grand-Children.

When folks that spring from a numerous family become numerous themselves and the first children marry off before the last are born, the children and grandchildren and uncles and nephews and cousins get all mixed up so a man can't tell tother from which, hardly. About this time of year they begin to congregate at my house and take charge of the premises—for a boy soon learns that grand parents wasent made to wallop grandchildren but was created especially to take their part and pet em and wait on em and when these little chaps come from town where they live in a half acre lot where they can't throw a rock more than ten feet without breaking somebody's window or falling on a green-house, and can't squeal nor squall for fear of waking up somebody's baby, they feel like they have just got out of the penitentiary, and so they begin right staight to make up for lost time. They have mixed up with mine now and put their devilment together, and it keeps me a trotting to keep the gates shut and the draw-bars put up, and hunt up the digging hoe that they had carried off to dig bait, and go after the pan that they salted the colts in, and knit on more fish hooks for em, and ever and anon they get clear off, and after Mrs. Arp has called em in alto and contralto and any other 'to' about 13 times and they don't answer, I know what's coming and so I just start after em without any instructions. But.

WE'VE GOT 'EM TRAINED

a little now. They have to come at the blowing of the horn, whether they hear it or not, or go without dinner or supper, for the little rascals have got to playing off and making out they don't hear when they do. Linton says he can't hear at all when the fish are biting. They are breaking the colts now about half the time, and the poor brutes have just surrendered and let 'em do as they please for they found it was no use in trying to out do a parsel of boys that was bent on a purpose. We used to larrup our first children right smart, and they throw it up to us yet, for the last ones get nothing but promises; but I reckon that was right, for if the first ones are made to behave and do right their example is enough for the younger ones or at least it ought to be. Then again it must not be forgotton that the oldest ones had the best time and the choice and pick of everything, and they get the young ones off some times and give 'em a licking and then hire 'em not to tell when they get home, and the younger ones have to wear the second-hand clothes and wait for the second table when company comes, so I reckon the average is about right after all. I wasent the oldest boy myself, and I know how it is. When there is only one or two the parents strain a point to set 'em up and adorn 'em and take 'em to all the shows, and if they stump a toe they send for a doctor; but after awhile when 8 or 10 come along, children get sorter monotonous and parents let 'em rip along and grow up of their own accord, and the more the children the less the doctor's bills, and fine clothes aint as necessary as they used to be, for the fact is it takes all sorts of economy and contrivance to raise 'em at all in hard times or soft times either. Occasionally I see my old coat and pants spread out on the floor and ripped up and the little patterns laid on the pieces to see if they will do, and the first thing anybody knows Mrs. Arp has a little chap all rigged out in a suit as good as new. It gives a man

A PATRIARCHAL FEELING

to see these grandchildren increasing around him. Old Father Noble limps about the streets of Rome every day and don't know 'em, and when a little chap salutes him with 'howdy grandpa,' or 'howdy great-grandpa,' he has to stop and look and say, 'whose child are you sonny,' for he had twelve of his own, and they have married and multiplied amazingly, even down to the fourth generation. It is astonishing how fast they do multiply if they get an early start, for a man told me he knew of an old lady in South Carolina who was 104 years old and was said to have over a thousand decendants. There's nothing improbable or impossible about that, for she was married at fifteen and had ten girl children before she was thirty and they all married early and multiplied and replenished and there were sixty grandchildren when the old lady was fifty years old, and lots of great-grandchildren. If folks generally had posterity after that fashion, I wonder how long it would take the world to fill up and run over, and something serious and peculiar become of us all. A power of folks have lived and died, but life is a gaining on death all the time, and it's curious to contemplate how thick the people will be a thousand years hence, and where they will all get food and clothing. Some big thing is bound to happen after awhile if not sooner.

THE CROPS.

Crops are not doing much good in this region. The early planting of corn and cotton looks puny and chilled, and already I hear of various insects and vermin foraging around. Last spring the flies dident come about until June, but they are very numerous and disagreeable now, and can light oftener on a man's head where the hair is parted in the middle than I ever knew 'em, especially when he wants to take a little evening nap on the parlor sofa. Snakes are slipping and sliding around The minks have been stealing our chickens, and so we set the children to find their den, and they found it in a hole in the sill of the stable and got four young ones out and the old ones dodged all about, but the dogs couldn't catch 'em, and they never stayed anywhere long enough to get a shot at 'em, and so we got a steel trap and set it, but we haven't caught 'em as yet, and I think they have moved their quarters. The mocking birds and humming birds have come, but I haven't heard a whippoorwill as yet, and that's a sign, they say, that more cool weather is still ahead. Nevertheless, we are all hopeful and will have spring lamb and green peas for to-morrow.

'Tis easier to build two chimneys than to keep one in fuel.

A Reminiscence of the War.

During the civil war there was, rightly or wrongly, a lamentable prejudice entertained against brevet rank and brigadier-generals. Lincoln's estimate of the comparative value of the mules and brigadiers gobbled up by a Confederate raider—the army mule was affectionately known as a 'brevet horse'—is known to most readers; but there is another story, scarcely less complimentary, and much less familiar. According to the anonymous libeller, during an active engagement, a colonel, while bravely leading on his men, received a terrible blow in the head from the fragment of a shell, which completely exposed the brain. He was carried to the rear, and intrusted to the care of a surgeon, who at once resolved upon heroic treatment, and removed the brain bodily to repair the lacerations. While he was absorbed in this delicate operation, an aide-de-camp, unconscious of the severity of the officer's wound, rode up with a message that Colonel Blank was wanted immidiately at head-quarters. Mechanically, like the brainless pigeon in the interesting surgical experiment, the gallant officer clambered into the saddle and rode away; and when the surgeon, having completed the re-arrangement of the wounded organ, returned to place it in position, he was astonished to find the patient missing. At that moment his attention was attracted by the sound of galloping hoofs, and looking round, his surprise was intensified on beholding the colonel riding to the front as gayly as if nothing had happened.

'Hi, colonel! ho, colonel!' shouted the surgeon, pursuing him. 'Stop. You're forgetting about your brains!'

'Never mind about them,' roared the hero, clapping spurs to his horse. 'I don't want them—I've just been brevetted brigadier-general.'—*Harper's Magazine.*

How Prize Fighters Die.

Ben Hogan, the reformed pugilist, lately told a Chicago *News* reporter that 'prize fighters die prematurely of weakness and disease brought on by their injuries. In fact, they die at or before the time when, if they had not been prize fighters, they would have been at the prime of life. Charley Gallagher died at the age of 30, of consumption, caused by an injury received in his fight with Davis. Davis fell on him, planting his knee in his upper left breast Brandy bears the blame of killing Tom Sayers, but in my opinion he died of the injuries inflicted by John C. Heenan. Heenan jumped off the train and hurt himself, and some lay the blame of premature death on that accident, but he died of consumption, produced, in my opinion, by over-training and by the punishment he got in his fights with Sayers and King. John Morrissey's death is laid on bright's disease, but he stood beating enough to kill ten men, and I believe that is what killed him. Yankee Sullivan is said to have been killed by a vigilance committee, but the truth is that he went crazy from the injuries to his head he had received, and committed suicide by opening an artery. Patsy Riordan, one of the grandest men physically that ever lived, died at 36 years of age, a complete physical and mental wreck. Bob Riddle died the same way, the very flesh dropping off his fingers. Joe Womble died in a Montreal insane asylum. And so they go—all of them dying at what ought to be the prime of life.''

Stopped His Paper.

Nowadays, when a subscriber gets so mad because an editor differs with him on some trivial question that he discontinues his subscription and 'stops his paper,' we remind him of a good anecdote of the late Horace Greely, the well known editor of the New York *Tribune*. Passing down Newspaper Row, in New York City, one morning he met one of his readers, who exclaimed:

'Mr. Greeley, after the article you published this morning, I intend to stop your paper!'

'Oh, no,' said Mr. Greely, don't do that.'

'Yes, sir, my mind is made up. I shall stop the paper.'

But the angry subscriber was not to be appeased, and they separated. Late in the afternoon the two met again, when Mr. Greeley remarked:

'Mr. Thompson, I am very glad you did not carry out your threat this morning.'

'What do you mean!'

'Why, you said you were going to stop my paper.'

'And so I did; I went to the office and had my paper stopped.'

'You are surely mistaken; I have just come from there, and the press was running and business was booming.'

'Sir,' said Thompson, very pomponsly, 'I meant I intended to stop my subscription to your paper.'

'Oh! thunder!' rejoined Greeley; I thought you were going to stop the running of my paper, and knock me out of a living. My friend, let me tell you something: One man is just one drop of water in the ocean. You didn't set the machinery of this world in motion, and you can't stop it; and when you are underneath the ground things upon the surface will wag on the same as ever.'

Give neither counsel nor salt until you are asked for it.

Those men who destroy a healthful constitution of body by intemperance and irregular life, do as manifestly kill themselves as those who hang or drown themselves.

'There is nothing like settling down, said the retired merchant confidentially to his neighbor. 'When I gave up business I settled down and found I had quite a comfortable fortune. If I had settled up I should not have had a cent.'

The following will bear reprinting: A man who had been drinking very freely at the bar, in going out into the street fell into the gutter. A wag seeing him, ran into the public house and said to the saloon keeper 'Sir your sign has fallen down. He went out, and to his astonishment, beheld only the poor drunkard.

Why the Parson Left Kentucky.

A good many years ago, when a certain place in Texas was a very small town, quite a number of prominent citizens went out on a hunting expedition. One night, when they were all gathered around the camp-fire, one of the party suggested that each man should give the time and reason for leaving his native State and coming to Texas, whereupon each man in turn told his experience. Judge Bank had killed a man in self-defence, and Arkansaw General Soandso, had forged another man's signature to a check, while another came to Texas on account of having two wives. The only man who did not make any disclosures was a sanctimonious looking man, who, although a professional gambler, was usually called "Parson."

"Well, Parson, why did you leave Kentucky?"

"I don't care to say anything about it. Besides, it was only a trifle. None of you would believe me anyhow."

"Out with it! Did you shoot anybody?"

"No, gentlemen, I did not. Since you want to know so bad, I'll tell you. I left Kentucky because I did not build a church."

Deep silence fell on the group. No such excuse for coming to Texas ever had been heard of before. There was evidently an unexplained mystery at the bottom of it. The "Parson" was called on to furnish more light.

"Well, gentlemen, you see a congregation raised $3,000 and turned it over to me to build the church, and I didn't build the church. That's all."

Brought into Prominence.

Deacon Comstock, of Hartford, Conn., is well known as being provided with an enormous handle to his countenance, in the shape of a huge nose, in fact it is remarkable for its great length. On a late occasion, when taking up a collection in the church to which the deacon belongs, as he passed through the congregation every person to whom he presented the bag seemed to be possessed by a sudden and uncontrolable desire to laugh. The deacon did not know what to make of it. He had often passed around before, but no such effects as these had be ever before witnessed. The secret, however, leaked out. He had been afflicted for a day or two with a sore on his nasal appendage, and had placed a small piece of sticking plaster over it. During the morning of the day in question the plaster had dropped off, and the deacon seeing it, as he supposed, on the floor, picked it up and stuck it on again. But alas for men who sometimes make great mistakes, he picked up instead one of those pieces of paper which the manufacturers of spool cotton paste on the end of every spool and which reads: "Warranted to hold out 200 yards." Such a sign on such a nose was enough to upset the gravity of even a puritan congregation.

Liquid Manure.

'It simply does wonders,' said a gardener to us, many years ago. That expression well describes the effects of liquid manure judiciously used. Because a little is beneficial, it will not do to conclude that there can not be too much of a good thing and make the soil sodden with it. The soil requires to have the air permeate it, and if made *wet*, even with rich liquid manure, the plants will suffer. It is well to have a tight cask of some kind, sunk in the ground, into which the soapy wash water and the chamber slops may go; these of themselves will be excellent fertilizers. The fertilizing quality may be increased by the addition of cow manure, manure from the hen house, sheep droppings, etc. The chief care to be taken is not to have the liquid too strong. It is better to err in the direction of weakness. Twice a week is often enough to apply it, and then only to plants that are growing. In the absence of other manures, Pervian guano, at the rate of an ounce to a gallon of water, is the best substitute. Nothing else will so increase the productiveness of a small garden as the proper use of liquid fertilizers.—*American Agriculturist for May.*

Waste of Land in Fences.

If a farm of 160 acres is divided by fences into fields of ten acres each, there are five miles of fence If each fence now is one rod wide, no less than ten acres of land are occupied by them. This is equal to six and one fourth per cent. of the farm, and the loss of the use of the land is exactly equal to a charge of six and one fourth per cent. on the whole value of the farm. But nearly every fence row in the country is made a nursery for weeds which stock the whole farm, and make an immense amount of labor necessary to keep them from smothering the crops. Much damage always results to the crops from these weeds, and if these expenses are added to the first one, the whole will easily sum up to twenty per cent., or a tax of one fifth of the value of the farm. To remedy this we would have fewer fences, or we would clean and sow down the fence rows to grass or clover, and mow them twice a year. Ten acres of clover or timothy would at least supply a farm with seed and a few tons of hay every year. We would, in short, consider the fence rows a valuable part of the farm, and use them as such.—*Ex.*

'Come heah, George Washington, you black ape!' exclaimed Rev. Abinadab Bledsoe, of the Austin Blue-light Tabernacle, to a Sunday-school scholar, who had just removed a big wad of something from his mouth. The boy's trembling limbs carried him into the immediate presence of the irate shepherd,

'You was chawin' terbacker in de house ob de Lawd.'

'I owns right up, parson. I was chawin' terbacker, but I won't do so no moah.'

'George Washington, chawin, terbacker am bad enough, Lawd knows; but when yer has got so shameless yer don't try to lie out of it, hit am time to take you in hand, so yer won't grow up an' disgrace de fadder ob his country. Lean ober dat knee, George.'

News and Gossip.

An excursion train on the Pennsylvania Railroad ran 81½ miles in 83½ minutes.

The Chinese have, in the past twenty-five years, exported $340,000,000 from California.

The army worm got as far as Boston when a miss with eye-glasses called it by its real name. It immediately laid down and died.

An exchange says that if the whole crop of cotton seed was worked through the oil mills it would add over $6,000,000 to the value of the crop.

Five partridges flew against the side of a house in Greenville the other day with such force that it killed them. Clear case of suicide.

A swimmer becomes strong to stem the tide only by frequently breasting the big waves. If you practice always in shallow water your heart will assuredly fail in the hour of high flood.

An exodus of Jews from all parts of Russia commenced on May 2. As the foreign corn trade was almost entirely in Jewish hands the utmost confusion now prevails in that industry.

The oleomargarine factories of New York have a producing capacity of 116,000,000 pounds annually, while the production of dairy butter in the State is only 111,000,000.

Too well-dressed ladies were examining a statue of Andromeda, labeled 'Executed in terra cotta.' Says one, 'Where is that?' 'I am sure, I don't know,' replied the other, 'but I pity the poor girl, wherever it was.'

A California salmon, weighing eleven pounds, was recently caught in the French Broad river of North Carolina. He emigrated about three years ago, when very small fry, under the auspices of the United States Fish Commission.

In a recent law case the ex-Empress of France was alluded to as 'Mme. Marie Eugenie de Gusman, widow of Mr. Charles Louis Napoleon Bonaparte, having no profession, and residing at Chiselhurst, England.'

The *Courier-Journal* doubts whether the North can justly criticise Southern women for dipping snuff, while Northern young women walk the streets leading puppy dogs by strings. Folly is confined to no section of the world.

Appearances indicate that ex-Attorney General Wayne McVeagh will henceforth affiliate with the Democratic party. He is the son-in-law of Simon Cameron, but they have been at loggerheads politically for some time.

Surveys have been made for an aqueduct 225 miles long, to supply New York city and towns along the Hudson with water from Lake George. The estimated cost is nearly $50,000,000, and the work would occupy about three years.

Professor Silliman, in an advanced report upon sorghum culture, instead of sugarcane, shows how the United States can be made the greatest sugar producing country in the world. He also shows that any State that can grow corn can grow sorghum, and that there is no reason why Louisiana should monopolize the sugar industry of this Union.

Spring is the time for sowing. In the city women sew skirts at forty-five cents per dozen. In the city, also the wicked sow tares and reap tears. And everywhere in the spring time men sow the wind and reap the whirlwind. Spring is a season much sung about by poets. It is a season that some people—especially about the first of May. It is the season for raising things. The first generally raised in the spring is—the rent. After that comes spring radishes and greens.

A Special dispatch from Columbia to the *News and Courier*, under date of the 3d, says:

'The body of Miss Mattie Henry, who was killed by the explosion of the Marion on last Friday, was found today, about one hundred yards from where the explosion occurred. It is said that her brains were blown out by the force of the explosion, and her death must have been instantaneous. A telegram received at half past 4 o'clock this evening reported Miss Lizzie Henry as sinking fast and no hope for her recovery.

Since 1879 an enormous amount of Northern capital, estimated at $200,000,000, has been invested in Southern land, Southern orangeries, Southern fertilizer manufactories, Southern cotton factories and Southern railroads, which earn their dividends in transporting the products of the country. The railroads alone, it has been calculated, have absorbed $125,000,000 of money, drawn from Pennsylvania, New York and Massachusetts. Other millions of dollars are being put in roads now building in Virginia, in the cotton States, in Texas, and, in fact, throughout the Southwest.

A gentleman living in Baltimore, where Judge Bond resides also, writes to the *Day* as follows: 'Let the people be told the truth as to this modern Jeffreys, so that he may not by his subtle speech, and through the medium of his club and other social advantages, be able to deceive well-meaning and honest citizens of both parties. If the people were not blinded by the sophisms of a partisan press, they would demand that he and all others of a like character be removed from the positions they have so much abused. Before condemning the tyranny of the courts and rulers in other countries, let the American people raise a protest against judicial corruption at home.'

Mrs. Henrieta Saltzman, of St. Joseph, Mo., has filed a singular claim against the State of Missouri for damages in the sum of $2,000 to her house, 1,318 Lafayette street, the scene of the Jesse James tragedy. Mrs. Saltzman is a widow, and she represents that her house would be worth $3,000 but for the State, which by its agents, killed Jesse James therein; that the said Jesse James being a notorious person, morbid curiosity seekers, in the desire to secure mementoes of him, have wrecked and carried off the greater part of her house so that to-day she could not sell the place for more than $1,000. Being damaged by the act of the State's agents, she comes to the State for reimbursement.